

Five Haiku about the Senses

By David Bateman

Grey-pink in the dawn
sitting like far distant cloud:
a new mountain range.

From a long distance
even my father's cooking
smells a bit like food.

After the dentist's
I spoon soup into my mouth –
or mostly my mouth.

'Easy listening'
my father calls his music.
We all disagree.

Panting on my bike
the autumn rain in my mouth
tastes of the winter.